



"To a Vase



"How do I break thee? Let me count the ways.

I break thee if thou art at any height
My paw can reach, when, smarting from some slight,

I sulk, or have one of my crazy days.

I break thee with an accidental graze
Or twitch of tail, if I should take a fright.

I break thee out of pure and simple spite
The way I broke the jar of mayonnaise.

I break thee if a bug upon thee sits.

I break thee if I'm in a playful mood,
And then I wrestle with the shiny bits.

I break thee if I do not like my food.

And if someone they shards together fits,
I'll break thee once again when thou art glued."



— Henry N. Beard, Poetry for Cats: The Definitive Anthology of
Distinguished Feline Verse